

The Alleghenian.

BOLSINGER & HUTCHINSON,

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

PUBLISHERS.

VOL. I.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1859.

NO. 7.

THE ALLEGHANIAN

Will be published every Thursday, at the following rates, viz: Per annum, (payable in advance) \$1.50 If not paid within the first six months, 1.75 If not paid until the expiration of year, 2.00 A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING: 1 insertion, 2 do. 3 do. 1 square, (12 lines,) \$.50 \$.75 \$ 1.00 2 squares, (24 lines,) 1.00 1.50 2.00 3 squares, (36 lines,) 1.50 2.00 3.00 Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion. 3 months. 6 do. 12 do. 8 lines or less, \$1.50 \$3.00 \$5.00 1 square, (12 lines,) 2.50 4.50 9.00 2 squares, (24 lines,) 4.00 7.00 12.00 3 squares, (36 lines,) 6.00 9.00 14.00 Half a column, 10.00 12.00 20.00 One column, 15.00 22.00 35.00

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbidden, and charged according to the above terms.

"ALLEGHANIAN" DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.
Presbyterian—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. SHANE, Preacher in charge. Rev. SMITH, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 1/2 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.
Wick Independent—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.
Catholic Methodist—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 and 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Durham—Rev. Wm. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Particular Baptists—Rev. DAVID JESSICA, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Catholic—Rev. M. J. MITCHELL, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

EBENSBURG MAILES.

MAILES ARRIVE.
Eastern, daily, at 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
Western, " at 11 " P. M.
MAILES CLOSE.
Eastern, daily, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Western, " at 6 1/2 " A. M.
The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Mondays and Thursdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
The Mails from Newmann's Mills, Carrollton, &c., arrive on Monday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

WILMORE STATION.
West—Express Train, leaves at 9:16 A. M.
Mail Train, " 7:38 P. M.
East—Express Train, " 12:29 P. M.
Mail Train, " 6:28 A. M.
Fast Line, " 8:02 P. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts.—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Easley, Richard Jones, Jr.
Probationary.—Joseph McDonald.
Register and Recorder.—Michael Hazzon.
Sheriff.—Robert P. Linton.
Deputy Sheriff.—George C. K. Zahm.
District Attorney.—Theophilus H. Hoyer.
County Commissioners.—Thomas McConnell, John Reiser, Abel Lloyd.
Clerk to Commissioners.—George C. K. Zahm.
Counsel to Commissioners.—John S. Rhy.
Treasurer.—George J. Rodgers.
Poor House Directors.—William Palmer, David O'Hare, Michael McGuire.
Poor House Treasurer.—George C. K. Zahm.
Poor House Steward.—James J. Kayler.
Mercantile Appraiser.—Francis Tierney.
Auditors.—Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Coughan, Henry Hawk.
County Surveyor.—Henry Scanlan.
Coroner.—Peter Dougherty.
Superintendent of Common Schools.—S. B. McCormick.

EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace.—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.
Townsman.—John D. Hughes.
Burgess.—Andrew Lewis, Joshua D. Parrish, David Lewis, Richard Jones, Jr., M. S. Hart.
Clerk to Council.—James C. Noon.
Borough Treasurer.—George Gurley.
Weigh Masters.—Davis & Lloyd.
School Directors.—M. C. McCague, A. A. Barker, Thomas M. Jones, Reese S. Lloyd, Edward Glass, William Davis.
Treasurer of School Board.—Evan Morgan.
Constable.—George Gurley.
Tax Collector.—George Gurley.
Assessor.—Richard T. Davis.
Joke of Election.—David J. Jones.
Inspectors.—David H. Roberts, Daniel O. Jones.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for THE ALLEGHANIAN.
A Dream.

BY M.

One shadowy autumn day I strayed,
When I had weary grown
Of all the heartless throngs of earth,
Far to the woods alone.
The faded leaves were sere and dry,
And mournfully the breeze
Sighed as they swiftly rustling down
Forsook the parent trees.
I laid me down beneath an oak,
And soon the influence blest
Of Nature's music o'er me stole,
And lulled me into rest.
Methought I saw a spirit fair,
With robes of purest white;
And in her soft blue eye there beamed
Affection's heavenly light.
She in her hand inviting held
Of golden caskets three;
Wondering I asked what in them was,
She beckoned "come and see."
I looked and saw a circling chain,
With links of shining gold,
Without beginning, without end,
Of boundless power it told.
I saw a flower of petals white,
And leaves forever green;
It was the fairest flower that I
E'er upon earth had seen.
And in the other casket pure
I saw a sparkling gem,
To grace a maiden's circlet fit,
Or monarch's diadem.
When I these treasures had beheld,
Wondering I asked again—
"What means this oriental gem,
This flower and golden chain?"
The spirits then, with accents low,
(She seemed for earth too fair.)
Replied, "They are the emblems fit
Of Friendship's treasures rare.
"The chain is bound with closest links—
They are the links of love; [when
They're joined on earth, and strengthened
The soul awakes above.
"Tis Friendship's flower, whose petals
Will live in fadeless bloom, [bright
When o'er the dying form is cast
The shadow of the tomb.
"Tis Friendship's gem, of purer ray
Than pearl or diamond bright;
Far in the heart's deep mine 'tis found—
It is of life the light."
She said, and gathering close her robes,
She faded with the mist,
While every twig waved her adieu,
By gentle zephyrs kissed.
Then came the rain-drops softly down,
As Nature seemed to weep;
And falling gently on my brow,
Dispelled my dreamy sleep.

ORIGINAL SKETCH.

Written for THE ALLEGHANIAN.
Extracts from Pencilings at Sea.

BY A CITIZEN OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.

According to the terms of our engagement, as mentioned in my last number, I was still free to appropriate my time for the space of six days to my own advantage, before any requirements of said agreement could bind me to obey any higher authority than my own will; consequently it was left to myself whether I should continue to pay four shillings per day for board and lodgings on shore, with soft bread, roast beef and soup for dinner, or once more, and with less expense, return to salt junk, rice and hard bread, on shipboard. Preferring the former alternative, I again resumed my usual place at the bountiful board of my former host, whose house, for the benefit of all travelers who may in future visit Gibraltar I will more fully describe, as being located on the right of the Plaza St. Sebastian, about one half mile from the Palermo Wharf, and near the Corn Market in said city; and is readily distinguished from the partly dilapidated tenements that surround it by a sign elevated (apparently to the great danger of heads passing underneath) over its front entrance, on which, in a white ground, is portrayed in colors of flaming red a peaked anchor, with cable attached, ready to let go—underneath which, letters in black denote that W. Spacren is proprietor. Here, with a few exceptions, occasioned by sundry visits to the country, myself and two or three others of our ship's company remained during the balance of the time allotted to us, and, I may add, had at no time cause to regret the choice I had made, in exchange

ing the dull monotony of life on shipboard (not considering the work,) for the freedom of the shore.

In my excursions I visited several pleasant villages, as also beautiful Spanish and English country residences; some of which, from their location in deep valleys, surrounded by rocky precipices and romantic waterfalls, and scarcely accessible by any conveyance other than that of a mule, would make subjects for the pencil of an artist. On many of the high headlands forming the coasts, are still to be seen the remains of ancient watch towers, while on the low lands beneath are the vestiges of fortifications, whose antiquity tradition traces beyond the conquest of the Moors.

There is probably no country in Europe, that presents more interesting objects for contemplation than this part of Spain, and no one who is at all acquainted with Spanish history, can enter any part of the country without finding food for thought, in the innumerable relics of the past, which surround him on every side. They refer him to scenes enacted centuries ago, before Spain's fair lands were wrested from her, by the swarthy followers of Mohammed. The Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman, Gath and Arabian have each left traces of their former dominion, that myriads of years yet to come cannot wholly obliterate. Even yet the smiling country, though graced with groves of the olive, citron and orange is darkened by remnants of ancient barbarism, while weather-beaten walls rear themselves amidst the luxuriant foliage of the fig tree and the vine.

This panoramic history of the Dogoria of the Romans, passed before my mind while seated on the ruins of an ancient watch tower, which overlooked the strait, and commanded a view of the distant coast of Africa. Its antiquity dated long anterior to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and was most probably one of the towers of observation erected by the zealous followers of El-zagle, at whose name Roderick the Goth trembled on his throne. But their power has long since passed away, and nothing now remains to commemorate the chivalrous deeds performed under its walls, but the moss-covered court yard, and the huge pile of stones; which, although we now trample them with impunity, the armies of Spain, in her day of glory, dared not to approach. Even now the descendants of those who by force of arms overthrew the Moslem yoke, have succumbed to a foreign power, and the rule of the English, although an innovation, is manifestly an advantage to the country.

How long these contemplations might have continued, or what length of time I might have remained seated on the ruins of this lonely watch tower noting events in Spanish history, had I not been interrupted by the return of my shipmate, I will not pretend to say. He had wandered off to a collection of houses, whose tops were plainly visible in the distance, in search of something more interesting to a sailor just set on shore, than heaps of stones and other rubbish, fit for ballast but not for grub; but now returned bearing a goat's milk cheese in one hand and a leather bottle containing wine in the other. He was also accompanied by a woman, who without further introduction demanded money from me for part of the goods her companion had in charge. Her language at once proved her nativity, and I was soon enlightened in regard to the difficulty, by my friend informing me that he had bought the wine from a girl in a shop, whom he had patronized to the extent of one shilling, but in taking it out had met this old woman who wanted something more, but what it was he could not understand. The woman had seized the bottle, but he not letting go had almost a quarrel. At length by signs and all the Spanish words in his vocabulary, he induced the woman to accompany him to his comrade, whom they found seated on the ruins of a watch tower, like Marius on the broken down walls of Carthage, contemplating the remains of the almost forgotten kingdom of the Goths. I soon learned, by making use of what Spanish words I knew, that all the virago of the wine shop wanted, was either the return of the empty wine bottle, or for and in consideration of the same one shilling was to be to her in hand paid. Preferring one shilling to an empty wine bottle, in a few minutes we returned her property with thanks—"banos dies" and "pax vobiscum" being exchanged between us, she left us to masticate our cheese by itself, which would certainly have been more easily accomplished if we had had the liquid to accompany it.

This interruption as well as the bad dinner of cheese extinguished all my recollections of Spanish history, and although I had a copy of the venerable Fra Antonio Frangapani's history by me, whose description of these scenes charm the reader, by

his pleasant narration of its incidents, I was not unwilling, at the suggestion of my companion, to put Fra Antonio in my pocket, and adjourn to the "Red Anchor" for something more substantial to complete our noonday meal.

Almost every day brought an excursion similar to the above, but usually in a different direction. These I sometimes made in company, at other times alone, but generally either on a horse or mule, as these animals are easily obtained at low rates of hire—always paid in advance—which precaution I discovered was principally limited to sailors, as it is well known not only in this but in all seaports, that unless he has more than his usual allowance of money, he is not likely to return from an expedition of this kind with enough left to balance his account. More especially is it the case in a country like this, where wine and other refreshments can be had at every turn in his journey.

Nothing can be more exhilarating—after a long confinement on shipboard, than to find one's self free from all control, and seated upon the back of a spirited horse or a docile mule, climbing the precipitous heights that bound Gibraltar bay. Having surmounted its highest peak, casting your eyes over the city and shipping beneath, you see the blue waters of the Mediterranean rise like mountains in the distance, while far beyond, on a clear day is seen the well defined outlines of the African coasts. Turning inland, you scour the country a la Don Quixotte, and create a consternation among the peaceful villagers and naked children, that the chivalrous knight himself might well have envied. Indeed the adventures of Sancho Panza were not to be compared to ours, and were they but described in the inimitable language of Cervantes would make a book not unworthy this great author.

Such was our life; but like all things earthly it must end, yet we determined to make the most of it until the last day of our stay on shore had arrived. By way of accomplishing this, we determined to gratify a laudable curiosity, by visiting the ancient town of Loretto. For this purpose I set apart the last day of my liberty on shore, and no further preparations being necessary than to appropriate some ten shillings for that object, at nine o'clock in the morning, I found myself, with about forty others bound for the same place, on board a small black steamboat, known to those who could read Spanish as the Fortillo. The accommodations consisted of an open cabin with a row of benches on each side, an eight by ten deck forward containing a few scattered seats around the one smoke stack that decorated the upper works of this ill-fitting steamer. These accommodations being more or less covered with soot and coal dust, made it more agreeable to stand throughout the entire voyage than to sit in the filth accumulated on these seats. The distance being about fifteen miles, was made in two hours, which was considered extraordinary time for the Fortillo. Arrived at Loretto, I found quite a town, but few attractions for a stranger excepting only the immense Cathedral. It is composed of an enormous number of stone buildings, magnificent in design, and presenting an appearance of splendor and lavish expenditure, rarely equalled even by the church of Rome. Three-fourths of the buildings are devoted to religious purposes, and a like number of the inhabitants seem to be in pursuit of the same object. Being unable to gain admittance to but a very small part of the interior, I cannot vouch for the truth of the many stories of untold wealth consumed in the decoration of these churches. Disappointed in the main object of my visit, and finding little else in the town worthy of note, after taking a dinner of goat's flesh cooked with garlic and sour wine, at a restaurant, I took my departure. Not, however, before I had deposited a sixpence in the hands of a barefooted mendicant, who was soliciting alms for the benefit of his Saint. Finding the boat ready to leave, I secured a passage and in three hours more was safely quartered at my friend Spearin's.

The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to laying in some sea stores, clothing, books and other necessities required in a long voyage. The last night had come, and it was determined by those of us on shore, that it should be celebrated by a grand Jubilee. After due consideration, we concluded a visit to the Theatre should be the first act in the drama of the evening. Profiting by the experience of my first night on shore, we determined not to go this time without providing against any accident that might occur from our ignorance. We therefore engaged a guide, who was also to officiate as interpreter whenever his services should be required. On our part we agreed to pay his admittance fee to the Theatre,

and give him six drinks of such liquors as he might select—three to be taken before the performance began, and the balance at any time after its close and before we returned to our lodgings. With this understanding we started—stopping occasionally to fulfil our part of the contract. This we did so faithfully that we were not half way to the Theatre when the third was taken, still as the agreement specified no certain distance we were to travel before complying with the terms, we were no way dissatisfied, until another halt was made and another drink was demanded. After considerable discussion this was granted, with the understanding that he was to have one less on our return, but when on approaching our destination, our top-heavy guide refused to proceed without indulging in his favorite beverage, we came to a stand still, and also to the conclusion, that he had rather too much now to be of any use to us as an expounder of the Spanish language—the idioms of both the Spanish and English being already so mixed, that it was difficult to tell which he tried to speak. Still he made us understand that he would go no further, without more *stimulus*, and we, in turn, determined not to be imposed upon with impunity. Therefore we were not disposed to parley long, but to get satisfaction for what we had given him, concluded to flog him and that too "ship-shape and sailor fashion." For want of a rope's end we used a tightly twisted handkerchief, and in the absence of a captain, a sailor's back was substituted. In a trice we had him stripped and elevated to the proper position, but our satisfaction was of short duration, for scarcely had he given vent to a dozen vociferous yells, elicited by as many strokes of the whip, until we were surrounded by a crowd of men, women and children, among whom we recognized a sufficient number of police uniforms to induce us to release our victim without further notice, and escape from that immediate vicinity, as soon as possible. Happening to be among the few unfortunate ones that could not get away, I soon found myself in company with some of my shipmates, marching from the scene of our late exploit, with an indistinct idea that I would prefer some other society to that in which I was, but perfectly conscious that such a desire could not be gratified at that particular time. If I had any doubt of the fact it would have been easily disposed of, by the disagreeable sensation I experienced, in having a strange arm (upon which was the insignia of office,) interlocked with my own, and which appeared to insist on going in a contrary direction to the inclination of the party it had so unceremoniously intruded its company upon; and which direction, was toward a part of the city where a certain building was located known by such names as—Lock-up—Jug—Chokey—Calaboose, &c.

The Fates willed, and who can avoid their decrees, and the doctrine of predestination could give us little comfort in a difficulty like this; and although I never doubted the wisdom of Providence, yet a thought might have crossed my mind, that the punishment for our sin could not have been inflicted at a much worse time. The "good time" we were to have on our last night was thus nipped in the bud; and our expected jollification brought to a close before the night had well begun. And now to escape from passing the remainder of it in the watch-house, was a question we were not exactly prepared to answer.

It is unnecessary to follow any further the adventures of that night. Suffice it, that in the absence of a prosecutor our trial was not a hard one, and each of us leaving one dollar and a half, for the benefit of the city government, reported ourselves safe and sound the next morning, on board the ship. Thus ended my first and last visit to the city of Gibraltar.

In a neighboring town lives a person who has always refused to give anything towards the support of religious worship. A few years ago a new church was built, and the gentleman, to the surprise of all, gave a bell for the new structure. On being asked the reason, he said he never put his money where he could not hear it ring.

Patrick Mulholland, a State prison bird, was arrested in New York, for the murder of Mike Walsh. He was known, it is alleged, to have followed Mr. Walsh on the night of his death. He went to Kansas a day or two after the tragedy and has recently returned.

A Locofoco cotemporary says that Democracy is founded upon a rock. The prophecy of the Psalmist alludes doubtless to these same Locofocos. Paraphrased: "On slippery rocks I see them stand, While fiery billows roll below!" Buffalo Courier.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A "DUCK OF A DOCTOR."—Generally a Quack.—Punch.

Why is a kiss like scandal? Ans.—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Nothing renders the mind so narrow and so little as the want of social intercourse.

Whilst shame keeps its watch, virtue is not wholly extinguished from the heart.—Burke.

The contemplated National Horse Show, in Hartford, Connecticut, this season, has been given up.

A negro being asked if his master was a Christian, replied, "No, sir, he's a member of Congress!"

The most economical time to buy cider is, when it is not very clear, for then it will settle for itself.

I hold it true, whatever befall—I feel it when I sorrow most—'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all.

"What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X.—"Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it ever so often."

"I haven't another word to say, wife—I never dispute with fools." "No, husband, you are very sure to agree with them."

"Come here, my dear, I want to ask you all about your sister. Now, tell me, truly, has she got a beau?" "No, it's the jaundices; the doctor says so."

AN INDISPENSIBLE WILL.—A farmer made his last will and testament in words few but significant:—"I have nothing, I owe nothing, and I give the rest to the poor."

We heard a good Methodist preacher once "go on" in this way:—"As I was riding along once on one of those beautiful Western prairies, with my dear old wife, who has since gone to heaven in a buggy."

Tom—"Don't you think some wretches would touch her, Charley—a beautiful pome?" Charley—"Oh, hang your wretches, Tom. If you want to enjoy life, drop poetry and the gals altogether, and jine a fire-company."

In Austria no one can receive a license to marry unless he is able to subscribe his name with his own hand to the certificate. A hard country for a man who has no hands, should he wish to "splice."

A good joke is told of an Ohio editor, who recently took a cotemporary to task for copying choice scraps from his editorial columns and not giving credit for them. The cotemporary replied by saying he "did not do a credit business."

The grasshoppers in parts of Virginia are acquiring the habit of chewing tobacco. It is said they have eaten the growing tobacco crop—the nasty things. By and by they will be smoking cigars and drinking rot-gut.

It has often been observed, at a public entertainment, that when there is anything particular to be seen, and everybody wants particularly to see it, everybody immediately stands up, and effectually prevents anybody from seeing anything.

It is related that Dr. P., of Boston, was once invited by a friend to visit the theatre and see a new play. The friend proposed taking seats near the orchestra. "Oh, no," said the doctor, "I have a slight cold, and doubt the propriety of sitting near those wind instruments!"

A poet, after Longfellow, gets off a poem, of which the following stanza is a true specimen:

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the great barn-yard of life,
Be not like the lazy cattle—
Be a rooster in the strife!

An irascible old gentleman was taken with sneezing in the cars lately. After sneezing in the most spasmodic manner eight times, he arrested the paroxysm for a moment, and addressing his handkerchief, he thus addressed his nasal organ, indignantly saying:

"Oh! go on—go on—you'll blow your infernal brains out presently!"

A NEW USE FOR PAPER SHIRT COLLARS.—We heard a young man yesterday complaining thus: "Went and bought a dozen shirt collars—thought they were very nice, sir—and so cheap, sir. They were cheap—exceedingly cheap—but I put it to you, sir, as a friend, sir, as a friend; if it isn't 'cutting it too fat'—decidedly too fat, sir, to have a great loafer come along, when you are all dressed for church, sir, and tear off the whole side of your collar, to light his detestable cigar with, sir, as he did mine, sir"—exhibited compound fracture of the garrotte extending half way around his neck.—Buffalo Courier.